When he these truetul lines did read,
He with a ſigh did ſay, Indeed
If hanging be my deſtiny,
My parents ſhall not ſee me die,
For I will wander too and fro',
And go whither I do not know,
But firſt I'll ask my parents leave,
In view their bleſſings to receive.
Then locking up the cabinet,
He went unto his chamber ſtrait,
And went unto his parents dear,
Beſeeching them with many a tear,
That they would grant what he did crave,
Your bleſſing firſt I beg to have,
And hope you'll let me go my way,
'Twill do me good another day.
For I indeed have made a vow,
But muſt not tell the reaſon now;
But if I live I will return,
When ſeven years are paſt and gone.
Both man and wife did then reply,

We fear, dear ſon that you will die,
If we ſhou'd yield to let you go,
Our aged hearts will burſt with woe.
Yet he entreated eagerly,
So that they forc'd were to comply,
And gave conſent that he ſhou'd go,
But where, alaſs! we did not know.
In the third part you ſoon ſhall find
That fortune to him was moſt kind,
And after many dangers paſt,
He came to Durham at the laſt.
HE went by chance as I've heard ſay,
Unto the houſe that very day,
Whereat his godfather did dwell,
Now mind what fortune him befel.
This youth did crave a ſervice there.
And ſtrait came out the godfather,
And ſeeing him a handſome youth,
He took him for his page in truth.
In this ſame place he pleas'd ſo well,
That above all he bore the bell,
And ſo well his Lord did pleaſe,
He made him higher by degrees.
He made him butler indeed,
And then chief ſteward was with ſpeed,
Which made the other ſervants ſpite,
And envy him both day and night.
He ne'er was falſe in his truſt,
But proved ever true and juſt;
And to the Lord did hourly pray,
To guard him ſtill both night and day.
In this ſame place it doth appear,
He liv'd the ſpace of ſeven years,
And of his parents thought upon,
And of his promiſe to return.
Then humbly of his Lord did crave,
That he his free conſent might have,
For to go and ſee his parents dear,
Whom he had not ſeen for many years,
So having leave, away he went,
Not dreaming of the baſe intent,
Which was contriv'd againſt him then,
By wicked, falſe, and malicious men;
Who had in his portmanteau put
Their noble Lord's fine golden cup,
And when the Lord at dinner was,
He miſs'd the cup as it came to paſs.

Where ſhould it be? the Lord did ſay,
We had it here but yeſterday:
The butler then reply'd with ſpeed,
If you would know the truth indeed,
Your faithful ſteward that is gone,
With feather'd neſt away is flown;
I do believe he has that and more,
Which does belong unto your ſtore.
For the that Lord can not do,
That I have try'd his honeſty.
No, ſaid the cook, my Lord, I'll die,
Upon a tree that's nine feet high.
But hearing what this man did ſay,
Did ſend a meſſenger that day,
To take him with a hue and cry,
And bring him back immediately.
They ſearch'd his portmanteau indeed
In which they found the cup with ſpeed,
Then he was ſtruck with ſad ſurpriſe,
And ſcarcely could believe his eyes,
The Lord then ſaid unto him ſtrait,
Thou ſhalt be hanged at my gate,
Becauſe in you I put my truſt,
And I took you for nought but juſt.
THE day was fix'd and being come,
Said he, O Lord, it was my doom,
Tho' innocent I do declare,
How my Lord's cup came to be there,
What fate decrees none can deny,
I was adjudged thus to die
Upon a fatal gallows tree,
Which my godfather did foreſee.
In travelling pains my mother was,
Into the world I came at laſt,
A gentleman with skill did ſhow
Such death I now am coming to;
A chain and a cabinet he gave
Unto my father which I have,
The manuſcript which was therein,
Did ſhow me plain I ſhould be hang'd;
So the Lord hearing him ſay ſo,
It came into his mind then to
Keep him from off the gallows high,
For I think this man is not guilty,
Something I doubt there is in this,
Methinks it is with meer malice
Of the cook and the butler too;
And if ſo, I'll make them rue.
The cauſe he tries a ſecond time,
And found them guilty of the crime;
They were adjudg'd to be hang'd ſtrait,
The Lord he took him, and did ſay,
Have you that cabinet, I pray
Yes, noble Lord, this is the ſame
Was left me with this very chain.
My daughter is a virgin bright,
And you ſhall have her this very night
Wherefore now take delight in her,
'Tis I who am your God-father.
Here's twenty thouſand pounds in gold
And when I'm dead it ſhall be told.
You ſhall enjoy my whole eſtate,
For me to You both rich and great.